THE "HANDLEY CROSS" SPORTING NOVELS.

BEST EDITION — *In 6 medium 8vo Volumes, with 100 Hand-Coloured Steel Engravings, and nearly 1,000 of* JOHN LEECH'S *Sketches. Price £4 4s. cloth. Half-red Morocco, price £5 12s. 6d.*

'JORROCKS' EDITION — *In 6 Large Crown 8vo Volumes, with a Hand-Coloured Steel Engraving as Frontispiece to each, and about 350 Text Illustrations in all. Price 36s. cloth.*

Bradbury, Agnew, & Co. Ltd., Bouverie St., E.C.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PUNCH

Nº. 2848.
VOLUME CX.
FEBRUARY 8, 1896.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

CHOCOLAT MENIER *For Breakfast*

ANGLERS

Read the leading Angling Paper

THE FISHING GAZETTE

Established 1877. Illustrated.

Every Saturday, Price Two Pence.

Edited by R. B. Marston.

Contains Original Articles on Salmon, Trout, and General Fishing. Reports of the state of Rivers, Correspondence, &c.

THE BEST MEDIUM FOR ALL KINDS OF ADVERTISEMENTS ADDRESSED TO ANGLERS.

Proprietors, SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, & CO., LTD., St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, London.

"HEALTH AND CONDITION IN THE ACTIVE AND THE SEDENTARY,"

With chapters on DIET as the only permanent cure of Obesity, Gout, Weak Heart, Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness, Acidity, and other condition-due to improper food and insufficient exercise. By N. E. YORKE-DAVIES, L. Roy. Coll. Phys., Lond. Third Edition (4th thousand). REVISED and ENLARGED. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"Those who desire a long and healthy life will find their best means of attaining it in the study and observance of such rules as are laid down here."—MORNING POST.

"Full of valuable hints and suggestive warnings as to the results of improper food and insufficient exercise."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

"It is full of the wisdom which is profitable."—THE SPEAKER.

London: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO., Ltd.

HOVIS
BREAD.
HOVIS
BISCUITS.
HOVIS
BREAD.

Further particulars from
S. FITTON AND SON,
Millers, Macclesfield.

Highest award at Food and Cookery Exhibition, London, May, 1895.

The public are cautioned against accepting from Bakers spurious imitations of Hovis, which, having met with such unprecedented success, is being copied in many instances as closely as can be done without risk.

Bakers recommending any other Bread in the place of "Hovis" do so for their own profit. BEWARE!

In Curing
Torturing
Disfiguring
Skin Diseases
Cuticura
Works Wonders.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 2s. 3d.; SOAP, 1s.; RESOLVENT, 2s. 3d. F. NEWBERY & SONS, 1, King Edward Street, London, E.C.

"How to Cure Skin Diseases," 72 pages, free.

BEST & SAFEST DENTIFRICE

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS IN ELEGANT CRYSTAL TOILET CASKET PRICE 2/6.

ALSO IN PATENT METALLIC BOX PRICE 1/-

SAMPLE POST FREE 1/-

HOME BAKING A PLEASURE—HOW?

Try it Free.

Messrs. BROWN & POLSON, of Corn Flour fame, have produced a Flour for home baking which they have called PAISLEY FLOUR, and which requires no addition of yeast or other raising agent. For Scones, Tea cakes, Pastry, &c., the new PAISLEY FLOUR is entirely successful if a little of it be mixed with ordinary flour. The peculiar advantage is that the process of raising is greatly assisted and simplified, and there is no uncertainty or disappointment as to the result. Bread so made is improved in flavour, and easily digested even when new. A sample, with some useful recipes, will be sent, gratis and post free, to every reader who names "PUNCH." Write to

BROWN & POLSON, 99, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

Gold Medals, Paris, 1878: 1889.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS

Of Highest Quality, and Having Greatest Durability, are Therefore CHEAPEST.

PIESSE & LUBIN

NEW SCENT FOR THE SEASON

LEAP-YEAR BOUQUET

"In Leap Year they have power to choose,
Ye men no charter to refuse."—*Chaucer.*

MAY BE OBTAINED OF *Perfumers & Druggists everywhere.*

2 New Bond Street London W

MAPPIN & WEBB'S DRESSING BAGS.

DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.

The Choicest Quality in the World.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

COLDSMITHS' COMPANY,

Show Rooms: 112, REGENT ST., W.

(ADJOINING STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.)

Registered Trade Mark.

"S. MORDAN & CO."

THE SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN.

Manufactured in three sizes at

10/6, 16/6, & 25/-

Reduced Fac-simile.

"LADY HENRY SOMERSET

has much pleasure in stating that, after trying many pens by various makers, she has found none so thoroughly satisfactory as the SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN of Messrs. MABIE, TODD, AND BARD. This pen is invaluable to her, and she has found that its use greatly facilitates her work. (Signed)

"ISABEL SOMERSET."

We only require your steel pen and handwriting to select a suitable pen.

Complete Illustrated Catalogue sent post free on application.

MABIE, TODD, & BARD,

93, Cheapside, E.C.;
or, 95a, Regent Street, W.

HOWARD
BEDFORD.

Ploughs, Harrows, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Mowers, Straw Trussers, Fodder Presses, Oil Engines, and Portable Railway.

HIERATICA

NOTE PAPER, 5 Quires, 1s. Court Envelopes, 1s. per 100. Thin, for Foreign Correspondence, 5 Quires, 1s. Mourning Note, 5 Quires, 1s. 6d. Mourning Envelopes, 1s. 6d. per 100.

Of all Stationers, or send stamps to Hieratica Works, 68, Upper Thames Street, London.

Peptonized Cocoa and Milk

MOST DELICIOUS, NUTRITIOUS AND REQUIRING NO DIGESTIVE EFFORT

SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON

(PATENT)

IN TINS 2/6

HALF TINS (SAMPLE SIZE) 1/6

PALESTINE, EGYPT, CONSTANTINOPLE, AND ATHENS, FOR THIRTY GUINEAS.

—Cruises on the s.s. St. Sunniva, accompanied by Mr. Perowne. Lectures by Dr. Cunningham Geikie and others. Fare includes return ticket to Marseilles viâ Calais, and thirty days' cruise. Dates of departure, February 21, March 30, and May 1. Particulars from Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

ORIENT COMPANY'S YACHTING CRUISES

by the steamships LUSITANIA, 3,877 tons register, and GARONNE, 3,876 tons register, from London as under:—

MOROCCO, ROUEN, PALESTINE, and EGYPT.

The GARONNE will leave London 20th February, for a 37 days' cruise, visiting TANGIER, MALAGA (for Granada), PALMA, VILLA FRANCA (for Nice, &c.), PALERMO, TAORMINA, SANTORIN, BEYROUT (for Damascus), HAIFA (for Nazareth), JAFFA (for Jerusalem), ALEXANDRIA (for Cairo), MALTA, ALGIERS, GIBRALTAR, arriving at Plymouth 16th April, and London 17th April.

Passengers leaving London on or before 3rd March can overtake the steamer at Villa Franca.

CRUISES TO FOLLOW.

For SOUTH OF SPAIN, GREECE, CONSTANTINOPLE, &c., leaving 31st March, returning 16th May.

For SICILY, VENICE, CORFU, ALGERIA, &c., leaving 22nd April, returning 30th May.

String band, electric light, high class cuisine. Managers: F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Offices, Fenchurch Avenue. For particulars of the above and of later cruises apply to the latter firm, at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West-End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON.

"The finest and most luxurious Seaside Hotel in the World."

Charges moderate.

Proprietors: **THE CORDON HOTELS, LTD.**

ORIENTAL CARPETS

Sold at Wholesale Prices

BY

TRELOAR & SONS,

LUDGATE HILL.

Ask for Price List.

GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.

The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncé" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using ÆRINE. Sold only by W. WINTER, 472, Oxford St., London. Price 3s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or faded Hair ÆRINE is invaluable.

MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S PENS

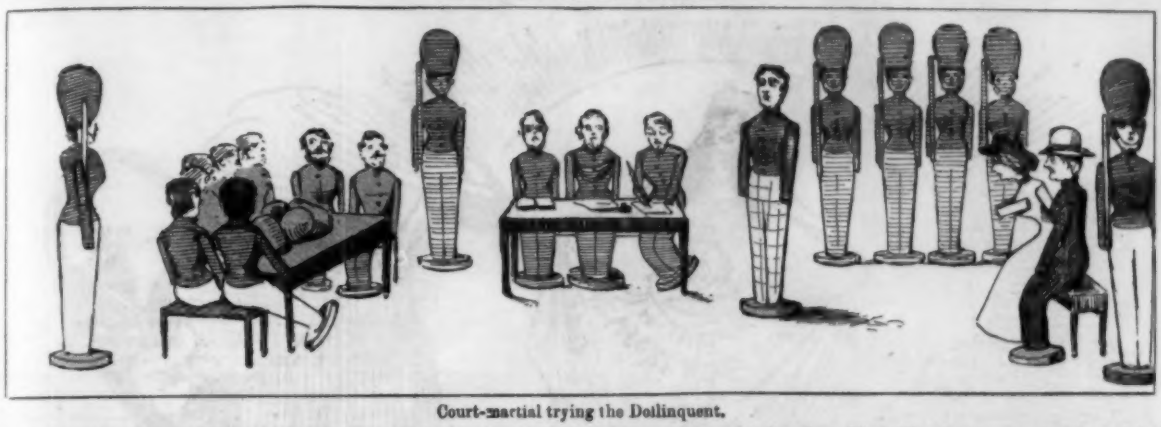
"They come as a boon and a blessing to men, The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."

THE FLYING J PEN.

6d. and 1s. per Box of all Stationers. Sample Box 1s. 1d. by post.

Waverley Works, EDINBURGH.

ADELPHI ADOLLIFIED.



Court-martial trying the Dollinquent.

TOOK DOLLY to see *One of the Best*. When I do take her to the theatre I always choose one of the best. But this at the Adelphi is One of the Best *par excellence*, or rather *par* Masters SEYMOUR HICKS and GEORGEY EDWARDES. "Bravo 'Icks!" which, as I learn from theatrical tradition, was the form of approbation bestowed on a certain melodramatic actor: "which," as *Mrs. Gamp* might say, "coupled with the name of HEDWARDES, I drinks with love and tenderness." Messieurs GATTI are fortunate in having obtained so telling a show for their puppets just at this moment, and have shown themselves genuine diplomatists in securing an "armed piece." As a military drama, it is of uniform excellence throughout: artistically constructed; on old lines, and there are none better. It has a court-martial scene that recalls the famous naval one in *Black-eyed Susan* (which, by the way, was itself taken from a military French piece), followed by a most painfully realistic and intensely effective scene of an officer's degradation never before, as I believe, seen on the English stage. The play, with its marches, drills, counter-marches, drummers, generals, colonels, and so forth, has been "*produced*," says the playbill, "*under the stage direction of* Mr. FRED G. LATHAM," who has shown such proficiency in soldiering, that, should war break out, the Government will not hesitate to appoint him General Commander-in-Chief "*under the personal supervision of the authors*," who will represent the War Office. So much for the show and the showmen, and now for the puppets; the Adelphi Dolls.

Toy Soldier; or, the Present Sentry.

"Two to one on him."

My DOLLY was delighted with Mr. TERRISS, quite "No. 1 Adelphi Terriss." A type of the manly, bluff soldier or sailor, who would scorn to commit any action that was not the purest, the noblest, and the best! In this piece he has something to do, a lot to think, plenty to express facially, and not so very much to say. *Facta non verba* is puppet TERRISS's motto as *Dudley Keppel*.

Then, as to the villain puppet, *Phillip Ellsworth*, "owner of Market Witton Saw Mills,"—which business being "up" one day and "down" the next, may be termed "the See-saw Mills,"—certainly, if Mr. TERRISS is "one of the best," then is Mr. ABINGDON "one of the worst." At his best when at his worst. Once a villain, always a villain. Why is it that, once accepted by the public as *the* representative bad man of the deepest dye, neither Mr. ABINGDON, nor anyone else with the professional curse upon him, can ever again hope to appear with success as the virtuous and self-sacrificing lover, or the benevolent friend? As salaried villain he is worth, professionally, untold gold; as a virtuous person, peasant or gentleman, a manager would risk much who accepted his services given gratuitously. That Mr. ABINGDON, as the wicked puppet of the show, is first-rate goes without saying.

Dudley and Dolly.

As for his companion in crime, the puppet entitled *M. Jules de Gruchy* ("Jules" was safe when the collaborators, in godfathering a French puppet, had to decide "what the deuce they should call him?") is again "one of the best" Frenchmen, after Mons. MARIUS, ever seen on the English stage. His is a very perfect performance; and the part, small but important, stands out in bold relief.

All the toy soldiers are also "of the best," nay, "of the very best." The country is safe so long as Lieut.-General CHARLES FULTON, Sir ARCHIBALD SASS, K.C.B., A.D.C. (was he an "A.D.C." at Cambridge? if so, the Amateur Dramatic Club has to be congratulated on its training), and President CARTER, of the court-martial, with the other distinguished (but nameless) officers, are in command.

Another "of the best" is the doll styled *Jason Jupp*, the gay and grumpy old villager, a "bit of character" for which the make-up and acting of Mr. ATHOL FORDE will be memorable.

As the wicked heroine, Miss HENRIETTA WATSON acts this *Countess Zicka*-like part in a manner that foreshadows the career of a PATRICK CAMPBELL. Miss EDITH OSTLERE has only to look prettily interesting, and to act sympathetically, which she does as "one of the best." "Did you never hear of KATE KEARNEY?" She plays the Irish Landlady, also as "one of the best."

The *Net* Dudley Blow.

Finally, Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS as *Private Jupp*, with his sweetheart Miss VANE FEATHERSTON as *Kitty Spencer*, are between them the life and soul of the piece. As the Cockney soldier of "The 2nd Highlanders," HARRY NICHOLLS is "kilt entirely" but quite unconquered. He takes the Scotch cake. Rarely, except when he was in an office as a lawyer's clerk (in a Drury Lane melodrama) always wanting to go out to lunch, have I seen him more thoroughly amusing than as *Private Jupp*. His humour is so quiet: he is Private—and confidential. He has only to glance slily at the audience to set them in a roar. A genuine comedian in the truest and best sense. Yes, there are very few parts in the wide range of light and low comedy, and burlesque, that he could not play to perfection. With a good dramatic story and HARRY NICHOLLS for the relief, dramatists and manager may rest contented.

CAVE URSUM!—According to latest intelligence from St. Petersburg the bloated Turkey is likely to be boiled down into Bear's Grease.

THE COMPACT.

Mephistopheles ("*à la Russe*"). "BUT MAKE
THE COMPACT, AND AT ONCE I 'LL UNDERTAKE
TO CHARM YOU WITH MINE ARTS . . . .
BUT ONE THING!—ACCIDENTS MAY HAPPEN, HENCE
A LINE OR TWO IN WRITING GRANT I PRAY."

Faust ("*à la Turque*"). 'A WRITING, PEDANT, DOST DEMAND
FROM ME?
A FORMAL DEED, WITH SEAL AND SIGNATURE!
IS 'T NOT ENOUGH THAT BY MY WORD ALONE
I PLEDGE MY INTEREST!"—*Goethe's Faust.*

"It should be clearly understood that no written compact as yet exists between Russia and Turkey. . . . . The SULTAN . . . . said that between such friends as himself and the TSAR written engagements were superfluous."—"*Our Own Correspondent*," "*Times*," *January* 31.

WELL WORTH IT, TOO!

Nervous M. F. H. (*to his Huntsman*). "SEND HIM AT IT, GOSLING! THERE'S A SOV. FOR YOU IF THE TOP BAR GOES!"

NELSON EAST OF TEMPLE BAR.

(*A Page from the Diary of a Future Lord Mayor.*)

Monday.—Yesterday's rumour justified. War is proclaimed. Put off all business of a civilan character to a more convenient opportunity. Pasted placard on the Mansion House, giving news to the public, and desired the immediate presence of the City Marshal. That worthy official answered my inquiries with "ready, aye ready." Accompanied by the Sheriffs, took command (at Dover), of the City Fleet. So much occupied that I have scarcely time to make this entry.

Tuesday.—Very well satisfied with the Squadron. My battle-ship, *The Snapping Turtle*, with my pennant flying, heads the flotilla. My gallant secretary acts as navigating-lieutenant. The City Marshal controls the marines. The Sheriffs are responsible for their respective commands. They are signalling to one another from the decks of their respective ironclads, *The Gog* and *The Magog*. The Aldermen who have passed the chair are the captains of the first division; those who have not are the chief officers of the second. The Recorder (assisted by the Common Serjeant) is most useful in his despatch boat, *The C. C. C.*, in acting as a police patrol. Not that his services are really required, as the patriotism of the Liverymen prevents an attempt at desertion. Spent the entire day in getting things ship-shape. From what I see I believe I shall be able to give a good account of the enemy—when I meet him. No more time for writing.

Wednesday.—Held a council of war in *The Snapping Turtle*. Present the Sheriffs, the Aldermen, the Recorder, the Common Serjeant, the City Chamberlain, the City Marshal, the Common Crier, and the Sword Bearer. Made a little speech, which was received with enthusiasm. Congratulated the Corporation on taking the hint of the public Press in fitting out and officering a City Fleet. No doubt other orations would have followed had not proceedings been interrupted by the report (a false one) that the enemy was in sight. Beat to quarters. Every man in his place. The Common Councillors (in their mazarine gowns) at the guns. Every ship had a company beadle acting as boatswain. Manœuvred for some time. Then, pursued by a gale, took refuge in the Downs. In consequence of the stormy weather, banquet proposed at the morning's council of war postponed indefinitely. Have to drop my pen to take command of the midnight watch.

Thursday.—Spent the day in torpedo practise. Converted river steamboats very sure, if rather slow. The adapted City barges make excellent floating batteries. Surprised to find they carry their eight-inch armour so easily. City Marshal most usefully employed in training his new cavalry, the Mounted Marines. The Common Crier has very properly exchanged his mace for a revolver,—an example that has been followed (so far as the circumstances of the case admitted) by the Sword Bearer. Everyone in good spirits. General engagement expected to-morrow. No more leisure for scribbling.

Friday.—Glorious victory! Met the enemy off Herne Bay. Evidently the foe were attempting to obtain possession of the Reculvers. My flagship, *The Snapping Turtle*, rammed ironclad commanded by the enemy's admiral—I fancy his vessel was called *The Bumptious*—most successfully. Both *The Gog* and *The Magog* distinguished themselves. The Mounted Marines (under the City Marshal) carried out one of the most dashing cavalry charges on record, jumping from ship to ship with perfectly marvellous agility. The Town Clerk most useful in his torpedo-boat destroyer. The gallant *C. C. C.* (with the Recorder on board) saved lives of drowning opponents. As the enemy used common powder—instead of our smokeless variety—could see very little of the course of events. However, am satisfied that I am right in describing the day's doings as a triumph!

Saturday.—Quite right! We did win! Only time to record that my signal, "England has not expected in vain the City of London to do its duty," was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.—A cyclist stopping beside Sir HENRY MEUX'S Temple Bar at Theobalds, in the hope of getting a pint of ale.

AN ACTOR WHO BRINGS THE WATER MEADOWS OVER THE FOOTLIGHTS.—Mr. BROOKFIELD.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By Baboo Hurry Bungsho Jabberjee, B.A.)

No. IV.

Containing Mr. Jabberjee's Impressions at The Old Masters.

I HAVE the honour to report that the phantom of delight has recently recommenced to dance before me. Miss JESSIMINA MANKLETOW, the perfumed, moony-faced daughter of the gracious and eagle-eyed goddess who presides over the select boarding establishment in which I am resident member, has of late emerged from the shell of superciliousness, and brought the beaming eye of encouragement to bear upon my diffidence and humility. This I partly attribute to general impression—which I do not condescend to deny—that, at home, I occupy the social status of a Rajah, or some analogous kind of big native pot.

So, on a recent Saturday afternoon, she invited me to escort her and a similar young virginal lady friend, by name Miss PRISCILLA PRIMMETT, to Burlington House, Piccadilly, and, as *Prince Hamlet* appositely remarks, "Look here upon this picture and on this." Which I joyfully accepted, being head-over-heels in love with Art, and the possessor of two magnificent coloured photo-lithographs, representing a steeplechase in the act of jumping a trench, and a water-nymph in the very *décolleté* undress of "*puris naturalibus*," weltering on a rushy bed.

We proceeded thither upon the giddy summit of a Royal Oak omnibus, and on arriving in the vestibulum, were peremptorily commanded to undergo total abstinence from our umbrellas.

Being accompanied by the span-new silken affair with the golden head, which, as I have narrated *supra*, I was so lucky to obtain promiscuously after witnessing the Adelphi of the Westminster college boys, I naturally protested vehemently against such arbitrary and tyrannical regulations, urging the risk of my unprotected umbrella being feloniously abducted during unavoidable absence by some unprincipled and illegitimate elaimant.

But, alack! I was confronted with the official ultimatum and *sine quâ non*, and have subsequently learnt that the cause of this self-denying ordinance is due to the uncontrollable enthusiasm of British Public for works of art, which leads them to signify approbation by puncturing innumerable orifices by dint of sticks or umbrellas in the process of pointing out tit-bits of painting, and on account of the detrimental influence on the marketable value of pictures thus distinguished by the plerophory of the *Vox Populi*.

Nevertheless, my heart was oppressed with many misgivings at having to hand over three hostage umbrellas—one being masculine and two feminine gender—and receiving nothing in exchange but a wooden medallion of no intrinsic worth, bearing the utterly disproportionate number of over one thousand! Next, after, at Miss JESSIMINA'S bidding, having purchased a sixpenny index, we ascended the staircase, and on shelling out three shillings cash payment, were consecutively squeezed through a restricted wicket as if needles going through the eye of a camel.

I will vouchsafe to aver that my interior sensations on penetrating the first gallery were those of acute and indignant disappointment, for will it be credited that a working majority of the exhibits were second, or even third and fourth-hand mechanisms of an unparagoned dingitude, and fit only for the lumbering room?

Perhaps I shall be told that this wintry exhibition is a mere stopgap and makeshift, until a fresh supply of bright new paintings can be procured, and that it is *ultra vires* to obtain such for love or money before the merry month of May. Still I must persist in denouncing the penny wisdom and pound foolery of the Academicals in foisting off upon the public such ancient and fish-like articles that have long ceased to be *bon ton* and in the fashion, since it is undeniable that many are over fifty years, and some several centuries behind the times!

It is to be hoped that these parsimonious Misters will soon recognise that it is not possible for modern up-to-date Art to be florescent under this retrograde and fossilized system, and be warned that such untradesmanlike goings-on will deservedly forfeit the confidence and patronage of their most fastidious customers.

Miss JESSIMINA remarked more than once that such and such a picture was not in *her* taste and she would never have chosen it personally, while Miss PRIMMETT declared that she would not have had her likeness taken by Hon'ble Sir JOSH GAINSBORO, or Misters VELASKY and VANDICK, not even if they implored her on their bended marrowbones, and that, as for a certain individual effeminately named ETTY, it was a wonderment to her how respectable people could stand in front of such brazen performances! These remarks are trivial, perhaps, but even straws will serve as cocks of the weather on occasions, and, moreover, I shall certify that the most general tone was of a critical and disapproving severity, and it was quite evident that the greater portion of the spectators could have done the job better themselves.

"Miss Jessimina Mankletow."

A certain Mister TURNER came in for the BENJAMIN'S mess of obloquy, having represented Pluto, the god of wealth, in the act of carrying off a female Proserpine, but the figures so Lilliputian, and in such a disproportionate expansion of confused sceneries, that the elopement produced but a very paltry impression. The slipshod carelessness of this painter may be realised from the fact that in a composition styled "*Blue Lights to Warn Steamboats off Shoal Water*," the blue lights are conspicuous by their total absence, and the mistiness of the atmospherical conditions renders it difficult to distinguish either the steamers or the shoals with even tolerable accuracy!

In the ulterior room were sundry productions from Umbrian and Milanese and other schools, such being presumptively the teaching establishments over which Hon'ble REYNOLDS and TURNER and GREUZY and Co. predominated as Old Masters. But surely it is unfair, and like seething a kid in the maternal nutriment, to class such crude and hobbardyhoy performances with works by more senile hands!

Here I observed a painting to illustrate scenes in the life of an important celebrity, who was childishly represented many times over having separate adventures in the space of a few square feet, and of a Brobdingnagian bulkiness compared to his perspective surroundings. Had this been the work of an Indian artist, native gentlemen out there would simply have smiled pitiably at such ignorance, and given him the gentle admonishment that he was only to make a fool of himself for his pains. There was also a picture of a Diptych, in two portions, with a background of gilt, but the figure of the Diptych himself very poorly represented as an anatomy.

Where all is so so-so, and below par, it is perhaps invidious to single out any for hon'ble mention; but loyalty as a British subject obliges me to speak favourably of a concern lent by Her Majesty the QUEEN, and representing a bombastical youth engaged in a snip-snap with a meek and inoffensive schoolfellow, who supports himself on one leg, and is occupied in sheltering his nose behind his arm, until his widowed and aged mother can arrive to rescue her beloved offspring from his grave crisis.

This at least can be commended as being true to nature, as I can attest from personal experience of similar boyish loggerheads, although, owing to preserving my *sang froid*, I was generally able to remove myself with phenomenal rapidity from vicinity of shocking kicks by my truculent assailant.

Also a subject, by late Hon'ble REYNOLDS, of a student who, as Miss JESSIMINA informed me, *viâ voce*, from the guide-book, was "supposed to be a portrait of Master BROWN." I will not allege that it is as like as two peas to the Mister BROWN of Westbourne Grove, of whom I have lately commanded a pair of patent leathers, but, *non constat* that it may not be a correct representation of him in his *statu pupillari* period, so I will bestow upon it the benefit of a doubt.

Let me not omit to mention a painting of "*Polichinelle*" by a Gallic artist, which Miss PENNETT said was the French equivalent to *Punch*. At which, speaking loudly for instruction of bystanders, I assured them, as one familiarly connected with Hon'ble *Punch*, who regarded me as a son, such a portrait was the very antipode to his majestic lineaments, nor was it reasonable to suppose that he would allow his counterfeit presentment to be depicted in the undignified garbage of a buffoon!

I trust that I may be gratefully remembered by my Liege Lord, and that he will be gracious enough to entertain me favourably with something in the shape of prize or bonus in reward for such open testimony as the above.

I have only to add that the custodian preserved the inviolability of our umbrellas with honorable fidelity, and that we moistened the drooping clay of our internal tenements at an Aërated Tea Company with a profusion of confectionaries, for which my fair friends with amiable blandness permitted me the privilege of forking out.

THE WARES OF TAUTOLOGUS.

"BREAKFAST AT A COFFEE-STALL."

SAITH *Sir John Falstaff*—robustious, corpulent *eques*—to *Prince Hal*, "O, thou hast damnable iteration!" and the *Post Meridiem Gazette's* numberless perusers turning to the wares of their faithful, humble TAUTOLOGUS, doubtless exclaim, "O, thou hast *delectable* iteration!" For hath he not described countless times in constantly varying style How the crocus in early spring burgeth through *terra firma*, How doves circle about St. Paul's dome and strut in the cathedral yard, How the crossing-sweeper sweepeth, How the wealthy dine, lunch, sup—*et hoc genus omne?* And shall he not make friends acquainted with his methods of preparing these feasts *literarum*—Sardanapalian word banquets? Verily yea. Know then that TAUTOLOGUS hath little sack full of assorted epithets, quotations—not *too* hackneyed—from classics, slightest sprinkling, or *minimum* quantity, of definite article, plentiful supply of dashes, brackets, commas (inverted), notes of interrogation and eke exclamation. Stirring up these main ingredients he produceth essay not, he hopeth, unworthy his Elian predecessor.

Nor is TAUTOLOGUS altogether unassisted in his labours at the sign of "The Wares." Mrs. T. discourseth not seldom, with delicate fascinating touch of lettered feminine hand, upon world-absorbing topics such as "Chickens and Hens," "Geese and Foxes," "Ducks," "Socks," "Silk," and "Slippers." 'Tis no idle flattery to pronounce her effusions not second to those of your obedient, obsequious servant himself. Revert we now to title of present article, "Breakfast at a Coffee-Stall." O, thou Shrove-tide reveller! homewards wending upon Shanksian steed—the city, just ere rosy-fingered dawn (*ῥόδοδακτυλος Ἠως*) makes first appearance, being cabless—despise not the unassuming vendor of irreproachable Mocha, comfortably ensconced in *ben trovato* indentation of a house's wall, or in cleverly-chosen *cul-de-sac*. Stay rather to dissipate fumes of thy nocturnal debauch in steaming cup (*poculum*) filled from huge throbbing urn situated at the dexter extremity of immaculate linoleum-covered counter. Drink the comforting beverage as "piping-hot" (*pot bouille*) as throat will bear. Then, if impaired digestion permit and TAUTOLOGUS's advice be followed, let the palate be tempted by dainty, insidious sardine, deftly served upon crisp, crackling square of toast. Neither, upon this exquisite *plat*, neglect to sprinkle purple, piquant powder—the product of distant Cayenne.

Now is apparent the full force of TALLEYRAND'S truism—or BRILLAT SAVARIN'S was it?—"*L'appétit vient en mangeant.*" Order, therefore, *pomme Irlandaise*—the apple of Hibernia, the *potato*—roasted, *and not divested of its jacket*. Cut in halves and lubricate its mealy interior with judicious quantity of margarine, which the amiable caterer provideth upon application. *Shun*, with this dish, *sardine*-suitable Cayenne, flavouring instead with *black pepper* and a *soupçon* of salt only. Hunger's pangs appeased, a second copious draught of the coffee-berry's decoction may not be amiss. Day now dawneth, the horny-handed one hurrieth along the street to diurnal duties, and thou—top-hatted, brazenly-belated solon of Society—art an incongruous object on the awakening townscape. Retire then, rapidly, to thy *domicilium*, not forgetting to purchase from the all-providing matutinal *restaurateur*—*fumi sacra fames!*—a fragrant *Denarian* weed of genuine *home-grown* Havana. Bid him a courteous "*Vale*," and proceed, refreshed, upon thy way—now no longer tortuous nor encumbered by multiplicity of lamp-posts. Thou hast broken thy fast like a king—at a coffee-stall!

ALFRED TO ALFRED.

(A very Up-to-date Song from the Shades.)

O ALFRED, ALFRED, ALFRED! Since you also bear my name,
You *might* have more respected both my feelings and my fame;
For copy-book moralities, piped forth as by a starling,
Will *not* make England venerate the memory of her "Darling."
I do not love that name, ALFRED; it does not match with mine;
It savours of suburban "spoons," or rustic "Valentine."
I'm told by those who know, ALFRED, when *bourgeois* sweethearts meet,
They doat, like you, on "darling," dwell, like you, on "Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!" [Park.
Which may do for amorous Hampstead, or for Cockney Clapham
Or for ANGELINA "walking-out" with EDWIN, her new spark;
But for EDWY and EDGIVA, quite another sort of pair, [the air,"
(Though the latter's name "soared into space, and summered all
As you credibly inform us,)—well, I don't wish to be harsh,
But two Anglo-Saxon lovers, in a damp, "low-lying marsh,"
Hardly talked such twiddle-twaddle, when we had to fight the Dane,
As a couple of canoodlers in a Cockney Lovers' Lane.
There's a want of "local colour," my dear ALFRED, in your lay,
For we did not war, or wanton, in your mild suburban way.
There is too much sugar-candy in your handling of such themes,
And your Muse—if I may say so—is too fond of chocolate-creams.
You know I touched the harp myself, but, on your Laureate-lyre,
You twiddle in a fashion which had roused grim GUTHRUM's ire.
And Celt and Briton, Angle, Frisian, Saxon, Norseman too,
Would have seized their "shrilling weapons," and at once have gone for you!
I was quite a moral model, as king's go, I am aware;
But I don't remember having such a go-to-meeting air
As your virtuous "England's Yum-yum"—I mean "Darling"—seems to sport.
And as to "forehead questioning the sky"—O, cut it short!
I'd a "virile love of country," or at least I hope I had,
But thrasonic gush about it would have made me feel quite mad.
In dear old "foam-fenced England" I should feel myself at home,
But not among the Jingoes who are also given to "foam,"—
Foam at the mouth, my ALFRED, like mad dogs and men in fits.
There be "patriots" and "poets," my dear ALFRED, wits and cits,
Who the muzzle and strait-jacket seem, at seasons, to require.
"ALFRED shall have this England"—as a theme for his new lyre;
It seems rather hard on England, so the earlier ALFRED thinks,
An idea from which my "practical imagination" shrinks.
Still, I wouldn't mind so much if ALFRED limited his odes
To pæans upon JAMESON, and dithyrambs on RHODES.
But it sets the shades a-sniggering and old Cerberus a-snarling
To think of SAXON ALFRED being shrined in—*England's Darling!!!*

RURALITIES.

SIR,—I am sure you will be glad to hear how unusually mild the season is with us in the country. As a proof of the fact, the following may be of interest. The other day Mr. SIDESPLITTER, a local gentleman, was accused by a lady friend of having cut her in the street. He replied—"It was such a little cut, that it might almost be called a *cutlet!*" Can you imagine anything milder than that?

A RESIDENT AT SPARKLINGTON.

SIR,—Our venerated old clergyman met my boy TEDDY (aged six) yesterday, and asked him when he was going to school, and if he was going to be a boarder. TEDDY promptly retorted that "*he* didn't intend to go to a board school." This is another instance of how extremely *forward* we are in the country this season!

PROUD PATER.

SIR,—The precocity of the vegetation for the time of year is truly remarkable. A lad of mine has just come in from the garden, and tells me he found a rose out! I have not seen it myself, but the boy is incapable of an untruth, and I think the unparalleled event (for January) deserves a notice in your columns.

DARWIN CUVIER JONES.

P.S.—I find it was the watering-pot rose that the lad found. Still the fact remains that the watering-pot itself was out at a period of the year earlier than I ever remember.

THE NEW FOOTMAN.

"OH, *MUMMY! ISN'T* JOHN A *DARLING!*"

"NAVAL ESTIMATES."

"We must be prepared. We must never lose the supremacy of the sea .... it is vital to our very existence.... I do not think I shall be divulging Cabinet secrets if I tell you that the Government are not going to slacken exertion, and that large as this year's Naval Estimates have been, next year you will see further increase."

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach at Leeds.

John Bull loquitur:—

ALL right, Sir MICHAEL! Fire away!
Be sure you will not find *me* grudging.
To my last penny I will pay
For safety. But no Jingo fudging!
No wanton waste in headlong haste!
No upward rush like a mad rocket!
Pocket comes second, to my taste,
But there *are* limits e'en to pocket.

Like CÆSAR to the pilot, I
Say, "Forward, and fear nought! Thou carriest
Great CÆSAR and his fortune!" Why,
The storm may swell e'en whilst thou tarriest.
My fleet 's my fortune, well I know,
And though strong foes the seas should cover,
To my Brundusium* I must go,
Though storm-winds howl and storm-clouds hover.

And winds and clouds, I must admit,
Seem beating up as though for battle.
In insular confidence to sit
Till hurricanes roar and thunders rattle
Were foolish, fate-inviting, mad.
You 're right, my boy, I *must* be ready.
But—song another refrain had
In good old days,—"Steady, boys, steady!"

Steady 's the word! 'Twere too absurd
For BULL to show mere boyish flurry.
I fancy he 's too old a bird
To fall a prey to hurry-scurry.
The Eagles, with one head or two,
Like roosters scared may crow and cackle;
But 'tisn't loud hullabalioo
That is the toughest thing to tackle.

It isn't crying "Shoo!" or "Whu-ush!"
Like an old *Durden* to her *Partlets*,
Will scare my chicks to a mad rush.
Not DAVIDS nor ASHMEAD-BARTLETTS
Will rule the roost this side or that.
Kaisers and Dr. BURNSIDES bluster;
But when I put my foot down flat
It won't be frightened up by fluster.

Who hints the City Fathers *might*
Prove patriot zeal, as in old centuries,
By arming England for the fight
With extra ironclads? The venture is
Exceeding bold. But hoarded gold
Is apt to hold mere sentiment gammon.
I put my trust, now, as of old,
Much more in Manhood than in Mammon.

Yet if, 'twixt Wealth and Commonwealth,
Such proof of patriot kinship proffers,
'Twill be fair sign of England's health,
And make us prouder of our coffers.
"Lay on, HICKS-BEACH!" our Jingoes cry,
"Give GOSCHEN whatsoe'er he 'axes!"
But patriots true but poor must sigh
At prospect of yet heavier taxes.

Dives, who hath huge hoards at stake,
Is most "Britannia-rule-the-wavy,"
But will he prove his patriot make
By—adding to his country's navy?
What a wild cheer *that* volunteer
From the whole Empire would elicit!!!
Saint George! I *should* be proud to hear
Of the first million down! *Where is it?*

* "Though the sea was covered with the enemy's fleets, he resolved to embark in a vessel of twelve oars, without acquainting any person with his intention, and sail to Brundusium."

PLUTARCH'S *Life of Cæsar.*

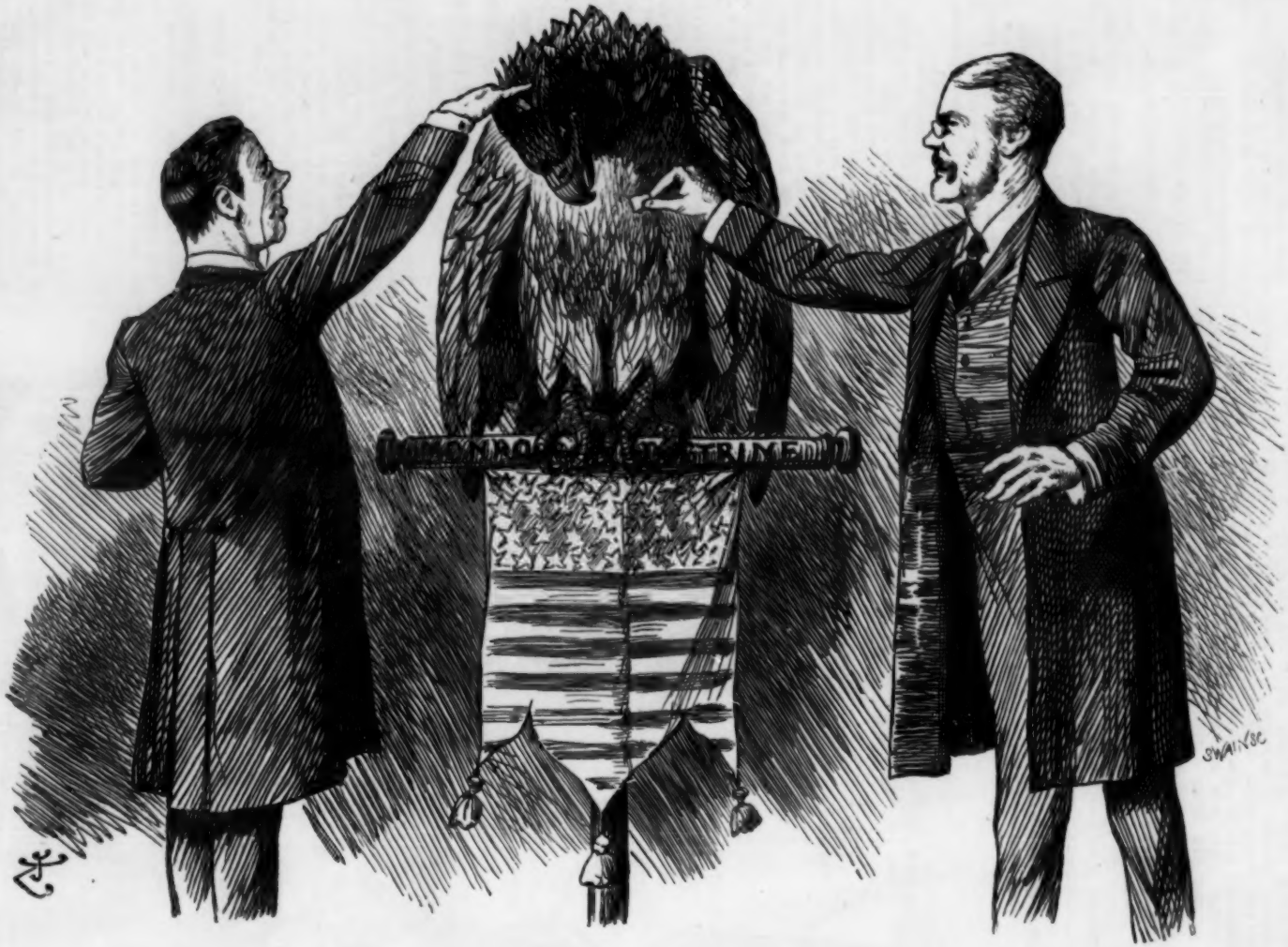
A SOMETHING OF A DIFFICULTY.

IN *Napoleon's Last Voyages*, published by FISHER UNWIN, JOHN WOLSELEY, serving on board the *Superb* when NAPOLEON surrendered, says, "On Sunday NAPOLEON came on board. * * He is very short and very fat, and was, consequently, much tired with walking up and down the ladders." Ahem! "Very short and very fat," and yet our HENRY IRVING, who is tall and very lean, is, it is said, to appear as the Great NAPOLEON. Such an objection is not insuperable. If taken at all, it must equally apply to Sir HENRY IRVING'S playing the part of *Hamlet*, who, on his own mother's showing, was a short, stout party (*vide Hamlet*, Act V., Sc. 2), who would soon get "bellows to mend" in a fight, or in any such exertion as is implied in "such a gettin' up stairs." Sir HENRY, by his breadth of style, will have to reduce his own height to the Napoleonic inches. But, indeed, not so very long ago one of our clever artist-boys in *Mr. Punch's Annual* showed how the trick might be done.

LITERARY GOSSIP (*from the "Athenæum"*).—We understand that the author of *England's Darling* has in preparation two new volumes, which will shortly be published. Their titles will be *Scotland's Poppett* (ROBERT THE BRUCE), and *Ireland's Diddums* (BRIAN BORU).

MICHAEL AND HIS *FOUND* ANGEL.—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and his surplus.

A LAUREATE OF METRE.—The Gas Collector.



"PRETTY DICK!"

"I should look forward with pleasure to the possibility of the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack floating together in defence of a common cause sanctioned by humanity and by justice."
Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham, January 25.

"The time must come, when some one, some statesman of authority more fortunate even than President Monroe, will lay down the doctrine that between English-speaking peoples war is impossible."
Mr. Balfour at Manchester, January 16.

He. "I SEE YOUR FRIEND, MRS. OVERTON, HAS WRITTEN A SOCIETY NOVEL."
She. "OH DEAR!—AND I ALWAYS THOUGHT SHE WAS SUCH A *RICH*-MINDED WOMAN!"

GOING A DEGREE BETTER.—In the *Athenæum* it was recently said that "The Oxford movement in favour of granting the B.A. degree to qualified women seems to have gained a new impetus," and the petition will, probably, be backed by the Vice-Chancellor, one of the Proctors, and other university lights and leaders. But how can ladies, married or unmarried, ever be "Bachelors"? Why not a new and special degree for them? We have Maids of Honour, Bride's-Maids, House-Maids, and so forth. Why not, for the unmarried, "L.M.," which will serve for "Learned (or Lovable) Maid." She will wear a becoming cap, showy gown, and a hood. If married, the letters L.M. will stand for "Learned Matron," with bonnet, gown, streamers and hood of another cut and colour, symbolising the distinction between Maidenhood and Wife-hood.

"HONEST MY LORD?"—Last Saturday the *Daily News* gave in its list of distinguished Parliamentarians staying at Cannes the name of "Lord BURGHELERE, long known as Mr. HERBERT GARDNER." What is the correct way of pronouncing this title? Is it "Bur-ghe-le-re" or "Burghe-le-re" or "Burghe-lère"? Take it how you will, can it be looked upon as a rise in life for a man who was once a worthy and honest Gard'ner to have become a Burg'lar, or to be connected in any way with Burg-la-ree?

"ALADDIN'S UNCLE, OR PROFESSOR RÖNTGEN AND HIS DISCOVERY."—Great song by the Herr Professor, "*New Lights for Old Ones.*" "Ah!" sighs our Bilious Contributor; "if he could only for 'lights' substitute 'livers'! What a business he would do!!"

A SOMERSET VALENTINE.

I DO reakon 'morrow be proper day,
Zo warr'nt I'll spell ee out a line,
An' poästman 'll gie 't ee soon as may
Come marnin'—'tes zart o' Valentine.
I 've a zummat to tell ee, shart an' zwit,
An' might 've a-telled it ee long ago—
But there, like tartus as vair a-bit
Wold hare, I be tarr'ble sure an' slow.
Aye, sure an' slow, an' poor an' plain,
But tidden great volk do veel the mos';
An'—'morrow marnin' I'll be down lane
'Gin Varmer VELLACOTT's archard-close.

I beänt no scholard, as you do know,
I worn't a one vor books to school,
An' ha' n't done much to 't zince, like JOE—
He 've a sight o' larnin' an' I be vool.
Hows'ever, las' ploughin' down to Ling's
(Do ee mind?) virst prize wer' a-judged to I—
Do zim there do be a power o' things
As books cänt do vor ee more 'n fly.
An' a heart, I count, 'tes better 'n brain—
I've a-loved ee zince I do mind a'mos';
Zo come, dear, do ee—I 'll bide down lane
'Gin Varmer VELLACOTT's archard-close.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. WELLS's *Wonderful Visit* would have been all the better for compression. We are delighted to welcome the strange visitor; but a visit may be prolonged till the caller becomes a nuisance. This particular District Visitor happens to be an angel—not exactly an angel of the Old or New Testament, the author is careful to tell us, so as to guard himself against any charge of irreverence, or of being classed among those who rush in where angels fear to tread; but an angel of a lower zone, an amiable kind of being, something between a boy and a bird, not unlike a Peri or an overgrown fairy.

The Vicar of the parish, who is a collector of strange specimens, wings him with his gun, brings him down, and take him home. So perhaps the story originated with the old Yankee joke about the sportsman who, hearing others lying about their wondrous shots, topped them all with—"Waal, guess one day I was out shooting, and I winged a cherub. We kept him hopping about the garden, and made quite a pet of him, until one day, when——" He paused. His hearers breathlessly inquired, "What happened?" "Waal, sorry to say, the cat eat him."

The "winged" angel becomes rather tedious, and at last, having won the affections of a housemaid, both disappear in smoke. And this is in brief the story of "the angel in the house"—not by COVENTRY PATMORE.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE's *Comedies of Courtship* are excellent light reading. Several tales in a single volume. "Pick 'em where you like." All good, and recommended by

THE BARON.

AN ACCRA-WAITING SITUATION.

[Prince ATCHEREBOANDA, the claimant to the Golden Stool, is still at ACCRA.]

O PRINCE, whose name suggests a sneeze
Combined with some weird, goose-like wheeze,
Why claim that Golden Stool?
Would not a biscuit-box befit
Your dignity, or must you sit
On what supports no golden rule?
Dark ATCHEREBOANDA, stay!
Think on poor PREMPEH's wilful way,
And curb your proud ambition.
Or else you 'll occupy some day
His stool of sad contrition!

Our Gallant Colonel. "YOUR DAUGHTERS, MY DEAR MRS. TYMPANUM, ARE LOOKING DELIGHTFUL TO-NIGHT—SIMPLY DELIGHTFUL!" *Mrs Tympanum (rather hard of hearing, and very intent on a rôti of ducklings).* "YES, AREN'T THEY! I'VE HAD THEM STUFFED WITH SAGE AND ONIONS!"

ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

ADMIRAL THUNDER.

NOT long ago I received a letter from my old friend Admiral THUNDER. That is not his real name, but it is the name by which he was universally known throughout the service while he was still on the active list, and it still clings to him in his retirement. Originally due to the old sea dog's inveterate habit of expressing himself in the strongest language whenever his anger or his interest was aroused, it has lost none of its applicability now that the Admiral no longer directs the movements of a squadron, or keeps his clear blue eye on the signs of the weather in mid ocean. Indeed, advancing years, far from mitigating the matchless ferocity of the Admiral's language, have, if anything, rather increased its force and copiousness. The causes that provoke the dear old sailor's outbursts are necessarily more trivial in the pleasant little Hampshire house where he is spending what he has, for six years at least, called the last few days of his life, than they were on board a battleship; but this makes no difference to the Admiral. I do not mean to say that the Admiral is a habitual or even a frequent swearer of oaths. Here and there one of these short, crisp little words, will pop out, but set as it is in one of the Admiral's flaming sentences, its appearance is as little noticed as would be the crack of a toy pistol in the midst of a tornado.

I SPOKE just now of the Admiral's advancing years. I must not be misunderstood. He is still well on the fair-weather side of seventy; his eye is undimmed, his step is elastic, his figure is erect, his noble chest is not yet shrunk from the broad expanse on which, in former days, a brilliant array of medals used to glitter, and his voice, though it merely shakes the rafters of his country home, or echoes through the woods, is not less resonant than when it used to strike obedience into his crew. His thick and stubborn hair is grey, but in his crisp beard the dark is still the ruling colour. He has seen much war-service from the day when, as one of PEEL's lion-hearts, he first heard a shot fired in anger in the Crimea, and won the admiration of all his comrades, not merely by his constant and cheerful performance of his regular duties, but by the almost unparalleled act of heroism by which he saved the life of a fellow-sailor, and earned for himself three severe wounds and the Victoria Cross. And his sea knowledge, his power of handling his ship under the severest stress of weather, his masterly disposition of a fleet, were always of the kind that are exercised only by the few sailors who combine with a love of their profession and a mastery of all its details, undaunted courage, prompt resolution, and an instinctive grip of every situation in which they find themselves.

THE Admiral has never been married. He passed safely, if not entirely unscathed, from a youth which, if rumour may be trusted, had its gay and dashing complications, through a not unsusceptible middle age, and so into the bachelor bliss of his veterenship. He did, I believe, make one proposal of marriage, but his language in the excitement of this unusual moment was so violent that the lady, naturally of a timid disposition, having summoned up all the courage she could command, shuddered out a hasty "No," and fled in terror from the room. The Admiral looked upon the incident as a warning, and never repeated the experiment. But he bore no malice, and in time grew to treat the matter as one for jocular allusion, speaking of it as "perhaps the one occasion, Sir, in a long and stormy career, when a woman, yes, a woman, by the immortal Jingo, showed herself wiser, ten thousand everlasting million times wiser, than this old hulk here; may his one-horse-power engines burst into blue blazes if ever he gives another woman a chance." The decision was a wise one: the Admiral was not made for matrimony, and no doubt he was happier living, as he did, at Rodney Lodge, not far from the New Forest, under the care of his two admiring maiden sisters, than he would have been with a wife to check his outgoings and keep watch over his incomings.

SUCH, then, was and is Admiral THUNDER. His two sisters, "the girls," as he calls them, mere chits of sixty and sixty-two, keep house for him, admire him, recite his exploits, disregard his furious explosions, and coddle and cosset him to his heart's content whenever he is seized with one of those colds which, according to the Admiral, are the sure heralds of the galloping consumption that is eventually to bring him to his grave. For the Admiral is, if the truth must be told, inclined, like many vigorous and healthy men, to magnify the extent and the danger of his little ailments. From a passing twinge in his chest he has been known to infer a long-standing fatty degeneration of the heart; a red patch on his neck convinces him that blood poisoning, in an aggravated form, has set in at last; and a fall from his bicycle, for which simple natural

causes might be assigned, made it an article of faith with him for a whole week that his doom would come through creeping paralysis. All these dreadful threatenings, it must be said, do not much affect the Admiral's cheerful spirits. He is much more likely, in fact, to be rendered morose if anyone should dare to hint a doubt as to the necessarily fatal issue of his complaint. Yet the Admiral never calls in a doctor; he is attended to by the girls and by his faithful old body servant, a former A.B., who now makes himself useful about the house in a hundred little ways as only a sailor can. These three, between them, have brought the Admiral through every mortal illness known to medical science.

KNOWING my old friend's peculiarities I was not much alarmed, therefore, when I received from him a letter in which he informed me that what he had long expected had now come about, that phthisis in its most acute form had attacked him, that he had a racking, hacking cough calculated by its own unaided efforts to sweep away a whole ship's company, that death, which he did not in the least fear, had come within easy signalling distance, and that if I wanted to see him again alive I was to come as soon as possible. I concluded, as was indeed the case, that the Admiral had a bad cold, and that, being confined to the house, he would be glad of a slight change of companionship. So I packed my bag and shortly found myself at Rodney Lodge. The girls received me in the morning room. "We are glad you have come," said Miss ELSPETH, the elder, "for the Admiral has been so looking for you. We do not anticipate his immediate demise, but there is great danger, very great danger." "Shall I go to him at once?" I asked. "Perhaps that would be best," said Miss AGNES. "He is in his study; it is a warmer room than his bedroom, and being on the ground-floor we can more quickly and easily attend to his wants. But, I fear, you will find him sadly changed." As I approached the study I became conscious that, in voice at any rate, and in fury, the Admiral was still his old self. It was booming through the door and along the passage like a broadside from a three-decker. "May heaven forgive me," he was roaring, "if that is not the most astounding, immoral, and incomparable act of double-distilled folly that even you, abandoned worm as you are, have ever committed in the course of your misspent life. Why, you hoary, old Japanese mask, you, I told you not more than an hour ago—an hour? it wasn't half-an-hour by all the immortal powers——" At this point I entered the room. The Admiral, who was sitting in his armchair, a rug wrapped round his knees, a thick woollen comforter round his throat, and a cloth cap on his head, never paused for a moment in the torrent that he was pouring on the imperturbable head of his servant. "Here," he continued, "is a friend who will bear witness to what I say. This man, Sir, has the effrontery, I can call it nothing else, by gad, he has the unparalleled effrontery to bring me my white wine whey *now*, when he knows that I cannot by any possible concatenation of circumstances want it for another hour. Why, curse you, you're grinning." (AMOS had, it must be admitted, winked at me.) "I'll break every——" But what the Admiral would have threatened must remain a subject for conjecture, for at this point a violent fit of sneezing came upon him, and when he recovered from it his anger had vanished like a summer cloud, and he not only greeted me warmly, but accepted a dry handkerchief from the hands of the attentive AMOS and took his white wine whey without another murmr as to its premature appearance. He then assured me that his will was made, all his affairs were in order, death might be expected at any moment, and he hoped I should be able to stay for at least a week. Personally he would have preferred a month, but he couldn't expect that from me.

IN two days he was as right as a trivet. On the third day he came up to town with me, gave me a first-rate dinner at his club, and visited *Trilby* afterwards. "By the Lord Harry, Sir," he said, as we came out, "I could hardly contain myself from springing on to the stage and throttling that greasy, dirty, swab-faced villain, *Svengali*. The man tainted the air, Sir, he poisoned it by his foul presence. May I be fed for ever on bilge-water if he oughtn't to have a thousand dozen." Here he stopped suddenly in his walk. "What's up, Admiral?" I asked. "A pain, Sir, a red-hot demon of pain in my leg. I know what it is. I have got hip-disease." I recommended oysters and stout as the best remedy applicable at the moment, and I have reason to believe that it was thoroughly successful, for I met the old fellow yesterday walking along Piccadilly at the rate of about five miles to the hour.

A Chevalieresque Conundrum.

Coster Bill (*to 'Arriet*). I si! When is your young man like a fish out of water?

'Arriet. Oh, g'long! Give 't up.

Coster Bill. Why, when 'e's a *witin'* round the corner.

[*Short encounter, and exeunt severally.*

THIS TREACHEROUS WEATHER!

Jones and Robinson are so muffled up they can't utter a sound, and have to make signs.

Jones. "WILL YOU LUNCH WITH ME TO-DAY?"
Robinson. "AT WHAT O'CLOCK? TWO?"
Jones. "YES." *Robinson.* "ALL RIGHT." [*Exeunt.*

"REMEMBER!"—A JACOBITE CAROL.

(*Sung to a Well-known Air, January* 30.)

REMEMBER, remember, each scatterbrain member
Of Leagues for Legitimist rot,
That now is the season for amateur treason
And playing at piffle and plot!

At three in the morning, the powers-that-be scorning,
Turn up at Whitehall in full force,
And there with doffed hat you must worship the statue,
And pay your respects to his horse.

With excursions, alarums, bring lilies and arums
For brutal police to remove;
And, for this year's display, lick the record with Gaelic
Inscriptions, your ardour to prove.

Then, Jacobites, sally from out the Thames Valley
By sixes and sevens to the Tryst;
White cockaders, stand ready! St. Germain's be steady!
With danger the cause is well spiced!

For if you're too bold, Sirs, you'll doubtless catch cold, Sirs,
And people will laugh at your pranks,
And at self-advertising and STUART uprising,
And freaks of our latterday cranks.

King CHARLIE THE SECOND, we're sure, would have reckoned
These tricks as a comedy rare;
Nor will *Punch* to-day smile less at humours so guileless,
Shown off in Trafalgar Square!

SENTIMENT BY OUR IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (*to Mr. Cook, the new Editor of the "Daily News"*).—May you be a Top Soyer!

THE DUTCHMAN'S WEE DOG. (TRANSVAAL VERSION.)

President (*with a wink*) *pipes*:—

Oh vhere, und oh vhere, is dat leetel wee dog,
Oh, vhere, oh vhere can he be?
Mit his tail cut short, und his ears cut long,
Oh vhere, oh vhere is he?

He came, und he barked, and he licked mine big boots,
Oh vhere, oh vhere can he be?
I fear dat I gif him a sort of a shnub,
Has he fled back to Ger-ma-nie?
Oh vhere, &c.

He come und I fancy he vanted to *sthop*,
For ours is a bootiful air;
But de Portugee stiff at de door of his shop,
Said he vasn't vant Teuton tykes *dere!*
Oh vhere, &c.

Den I tink dat I see dat leetel wee dog,
Drop his tail 'twixt his legs mit a vince;
Und he flew vat you call to de midst of next veek,
Und I 've not heard von yap from him since!
Oh vhere, &c.

Sausage is goot, "Small Germans" is goot,—
Oh vhere, oh vhere can he be?
Dey makes dem of horse, und dey makes dem of dog,
I *hope* dey not make dem of *he!*
Oh vhere, &c.

I dink dat he like der Pretoria town
Or even goot old Amsterdam!
But I fear he is made into beef or to pork,
Unless he is chicken und ham!
Oh vhere, &c.

Yet, perhaps all is vell mit dat Teuton wee dog,
Who at Berlin lays low, und keeps dark;
Perhaps in his kennel dey 've chained him safe up,
But—vat *haf* dey done mit his *bark?*
Oh vhere, &c.

MORAL (*adorning a tail*).

Vhen a leetle stray dog come und vaggle his tail,
I guess as he vishes for prog.
I von't vistle him back, but I vould like to know
Vat 's become of dat wee German dog

Oh vhere, oh vhere is dat leetle dog gone,
Oh vhere, oh vhere can he be?
Mit his ears hanging down und his tail 'twixt his legs,
Oh vhere, oh vhere is he?

STRANGE MISAPPREHENSION CORRECTED.—The Moor, not the Boer, is bringing Mr. CECIL RHODES to England.

WITHOUT PREJUDICE.—A German Company occupies St. George's Hall. We should have preferred a German-Reed equivalent.

CONDENSED CONFIDENCE. (For Ladies only)

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—It was with trembling Trilbys (we never speak of vulgar *feet* now) that I was ushered into the dressing-room of Miss GOOSIE GANDER, the charming young cantatrice (she pleads to eighteen years) of the Mansion House Theatre of Varieties. I was soon *chez moi*, when GOOSIE (she begged me to be familiar as soon as I had introduced myself) asked me to take a chair, and join her in a "Tom Cat" (a mixture of gin and brandy), and a cigarette. Her courtesy gave me time to look round this dainty little den of refined dissipation. The furniture was what I would style *rococo*, and the pictures were mainly portraits of my hostess from favourite weekly papers, fastened to the unromantic wall-paper with hair-pins. Of course I noted, amid the *abandon* of discarded *chevelure* and necessary *cosmétiques*, quite a little pile of correspondence—many of the letters *with coronets on the envelopes*—flanked by bouquets of orchids and roses, and sundry little morocco cases, which, were I in ever-beautiful Paris, I should suggest contained *les bijoux de la reine*. I observed, too, that the old *cheval* mirror was severely cracked in several places (could it have been by reason of GOOSIE'S lightning glances? *Quien sabe?* as they say in Cuba), and that my hostess's favourite face-powder was *Folle-Farine*, the delicate violet requisite just evolved from the laboratory of TARTINE & Co. of Bond Street.

GOOSIE, happily for fearsome Me, opened the ball. "How," she asked, with her winsome Whitechapel accent, which I will not attempt to reproduce, "do you like my togs? They 're up to snuff I take it." I replied that her garments, though, perhaps, deficient in warmth, were quite capable of carrying several pounds of crushed tobacco. "Now don't get on that lay," she snorted, with a piercing flash from her great emerald eyes. "Don't try spoof with me." I earnestly disclaimed any attempt to indulge in a sport which I had heard of as *tant soit peu chic*. GOOSIE smiled languidly, the sort of risible separation of two red lips, which the favourite of the SULTAN might give when the Commander of the Faithful declares his ignorance of European politics. "How do you like your profession?" I asked, wanting to make copy. "Oh, blow the profession," she answered, lightly sending the smoke of the exquisite Dubec tobacco through her gazelle-like nostrils. "Do you not like your career?" I inquired, anxiously. "I 'd far sooner be mangling," she answered, taking a drink of "Tom Cat." "Hearts?" I interrogated roguishly. "No—washing, you stupid," she replied, with a chuckle *ben trovato*: "you seem to be a bit balmy on the crumpet." "I never eat the delicacy," I responded. "I represent the staff of social life, the Press."

GOOSIE raised herself from the azure velvet cushion on which she was reposing. "Look here," she ejaculated, "if you imagine I care one and ninepence three-farthings for the Press, you 're jolly well mistaken. I can cut my capers, sing my songs, and do my patter to the tune of a hundred quid a week, and do you think *I* mind what some starving bloke with thirty bob salary says about *me*? Not much. I 'm a lady, and the managers know it." "I 'm sure I did not wish to excite so talented an *artiste*," I cried, repentantly; "but I notice that you always advertise favourable newspaper criticism." "Oh! that 's my agent's business," she retorted, flicking a peach-stone at the mirror (peaches in January, *ma chère!*); "he 's a regular sniffer after black and white, and much good may it do him."

At this moment an elderly female, who might have been an archdeacon's sister, appeared, and exclaimed, "Hurry up! You 're called, GOOSIE, dear." "Oh! bother!" cried *la belle chanteuse*, flinging the end of her cigarette into the water-jug. "What do I start with?" "'*The Flatcatcher and the Bird*.'" replied the duenna, standing ready with a hare's foot—*véritable pied de lièvre*—anointed with some delicate pink bloom. "Dead cats to the conductor!" said GOOSIE, pettishly. "I told him that I wanted to try '*Tripe and Onions à la mode*,' and my brother and his pals are in the gallery ready to give a friendly lead." So saying, she disappeared, and so did I, much impressed with the *nonchalance* of this music-hall humming-bird. Try treacle and rum (BOOMERANG'S best), beaten up with new-laid eggs, for your cold.

Ever, dear, Your loving cousin, KADJ.

Of the highest class, without any of the usual added sugar and alcohol. Of all leading Hotels, Clubs, and Restaurants throughout the World. Sole Consignees—Hearn & Cullingworth, 36, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.

LAURENT-PERRIER "SANS-SUCRE" CHAMPAGNE.

Wholesale Depôt for Germany:—Alb. Engel, Wiesbaden. France:—31, Rue de Champagne (Entrepôt), and 10, Rue St. Augustin. Austria-Hungary:—Spanische Weingroosshandlung Vinador, Vienna.

OF ALL DEALERS.

Martell's "Three Star" Brandy.

BOTTLED IN COGNAC.

ROPER FRÈRES' FIRST QUALITY CHAMPAGNE.

CARLTON WHISKEY. RICHD. MATHEWS & CO'S TRADE MARK.

ELEVEN YEARS OLD.

This Grand Old Whiskey is a blend of the produce of the most famous Highland Small Stills.

25s. the Gall., 6s. the Dozen. Cash only.

Sample bottle post free on receipt of P.O. for 4s. 6d.

RICHD. MATHEWS & CO., 24 and 25, HART ST., BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

Sold by all Leading Merchants throughout India and the Colonies.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

For ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION.

Sold throughout the World.

A TOILET POWDER FOR THE COMPLEXION. ALSO FOR THE NURSERY, ROUGHNESS OF THE SKIN, AFTER SHAVING, &c.

POUDRE D'AMOUR, Prepared by Piesse, Freres, Parfumeurs.

Hygienic, and Prepared with Pure and Harmless materials.

Price 1s.

In Three Tints: Blanche—Naturelle—Rachel.

To be had of Chemists, Perfumers, &c.

Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN & SONS, Berners Street, W., and City Road, E.C., London.

ASK YOUR Grocer & Wine Merchant FOR THE FAMOUS "BOS" WHISKY

HERSE SON & CO. EDINBURGH & LEITH & DARLINGTON

LAZENBY'S HARVEY'S SAUCE

PREPARED FROM THE ORIGINAL RECIPE BEARS THE WELL KNOWN LABEL. Signed Elizabeth Lazenby

LAZENBY'S PICKLES
LAZENBY'S SOUPS
LAZENBY'S SOUP SQUARES
LAZENBY'S TABLE JELLIES
LAZENBY'S POTTED MEATS
LAZENBY'S BAKING POWDER

For Delicate Children.

SQUIRE'S CHEMICAL FOOD.

In Bottles, 2s., 3s. 6d., & 9s. each.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES, AND OF SQUIRE & SONS, *Her Majesty's Chemists*, 413, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

EVERY HOME is beautified by Photographs and Photogravures after Celebrated PICTURES.

Illustrated Catalogue 1/-

133, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.

Sold only in 1-ounce Packets and 2, 4, and 8-ounce, and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in Fine Smoking Condition. Ask at all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and take no other.

The genuine bears the Trade Mark, "NOTTINGHAM CASTLE," on every Packet and Tin.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES,

In Packets and Tins only, containing 12, 24, 50, and 100.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED "PIONEER" SWEETENED TOBACCO, KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE RICHMOND CAVENDISH Co., Ltd.,

AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

And retailed by all first-class tobacconists at home and abroad.

Exquisite Models. Perfect Fit. Guaranteed Wear.

THE Y & N PATENT DIAGONAL SEAM CORSETS.

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. "The most comfortable corset ever made." Lady's Pict. Made in White, Black, and all the fashionable Colours and Shades, or Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil, also in the new Sanitary Woollen Cloth, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair, and upwards. Sold by all the Principal Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters in the United Kingdom & colonies.

Three Gold Medals.

CIGARES de JOY (JOY'S CIGARETTES) CURE ASTHMA

JOY'S CIGARETTES afford immediate relief in cases of ASTHMA, WHEEZING and WINTER COUGH, and a little perseverance will effect a permanent cure. Universally recommended by the most eminent physicians and medical authors. Agreeable to use, certain in their effects, and harmless in their action, they may be safely smoked by ladies and children.

All Chemists and Stores, box of 35, 2s. 6d., or post free from Wilcox & Co., 239, Oxford Street, London, W.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL. Universally admitted to be the Best and Safest Article for Cleaning Silver, Electro-Plate, &c. SIX GOLD MEDALS.

Sold Everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

'K' BOOTS

GOLD MEDAL,
Health Exhibition, London.

"Benger's Food has by its excellence established a reputation of its own."
Brit. Med. Journ.

BENGER'S FOOD
For Infants Invalids and the Aged

Benger's Food is sold in Tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

"Retained when all other foods are rejected. It is invaluable."
London Medical Record.

Enjoyed by Young and Old.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Provides not only delicious Custard, but an endless variety of delightful, dainty dishes.

NO EGGS! NO TROUBLE!

IS THE FINEST TONIC IN THE WORLD.
Over 3,000 Testimonials have been received from Medical Men. Six Gold Medals. Sold in Bottles, 2/9 and 4/6.
Manufacturers: COLEMAN & CO. Ld. Norwich and London.
A 2s. 9d. Bottle sent Post Free on receipt of 33 stamps.

GOLD MEDALS Paris Exhibition
Needham's Polishing Paste
Extra Fine
Used by H.M. Servants
TRADE MARK

ESTABLISHED 1834.
The most reliable preparation for cleaning and brilliantly polishing Brass, Copper, Tin, Britannia Metal, Plating &c. &c. Can be obtained retail everywhere. Sole Manufacturers:—
JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, Sheffield.
London Office—ST. GEORGE'S HOUSE, EASTCHEAP, E.C.

C. Brandauer & Co's
Circular-Pointed Pens.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted Sample Box for 7 stamps from the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

"THE OLD SHAVER."
12 MONTHS LUXURY FOR 12 PENCE.
(A shilling shaving stick lasts a year.)

"Represents the standard of highest purity at present attainable."
Lancet.

Cadbury's cocoa

NO ALKALIES USED (as in many of the so-called "pure" Foreign Cocoas).

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 20, Lorraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, [illegible]—SATURDAY, February 8, 1896.